

Animals

OUR DUMB





VOLUME 83 — No. 4

Animals

APRIL, 1950

Founded by Geo. T. Angell, 1868

PUBLISHED BY THE

MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS
AND
AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY

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Per year — \$1.50. Postage free to any part of the world. In clubs of five or more subscriptions, \$1.00 each. Single copies — \$.15.

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MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of from 300-400 words are solicited. Articles of more than 600 words cannot be accepted. Such articles may include any subject, except cruel sports or captivity, dealing with animals, especially those with humane import. Human interest and current event items are particularly needed. Also acceptable are manuscripts dealing with oddities of animal life and natural history. All items should be accompanied by good illustrations whenever possible. Fiction is seldom used.

PHOTOGRAPHS should be sharp, depicting either domestic or wild animals in their natural surroundings. Pictures that tell a story are most desirable.

VERSE about animals should be short. We suggest from four to sixteen lines.

IMPORTANT

All manuscripts should be neatly typewritten, double spaced and each article on a separate sheet.

No manuscript will be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

Payment on acceptance at the rate of one-half cent a word for articles; one dollar and up for photographs and drawings; one dollar and up for acceptable verse.

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Published monthly by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Publication office, 23 Middle St., Plymouth, Massachusetts; editorial office, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Massachusetts. Re-entered as Second-class matter, May 9, 1949, at the Post Office at Plymouth, Massachusetts, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized, July 13, 1919.

Why Private Charity?

A FEW days ago a man asked me: "Why is there need today for private charity?"

At first, I thought his question might be just one of those things people say, without thinking. But no, he was serious about it: "Why is there need today for private charity?"

The man who asked this question really should have known better. He was a mature, educated American citizen. He was an inheritor of and participant in all the rights and privileges, all the wealth, all the freedom, all the incalculable benefits which the makers of America have transmitted to the present generation of American citizens.

There are many answers, of course, to his question. Very few of them relate to dollars and cents. The basic answer rests in something money cannot buy.

You will find it in Second Corinthians: "the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life." You will find it in the sovereign words of the Declaration of Independence: "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." The person who cannot find this answer should hardly dare to call himself a citizen of the United States or a follower of Jesus Christ. Only the blind cannot see.

The charitable impulse is a basic part of civilized man. Its power is incalculable. Like the love of God, the love of family, the love of country, it is an inseverable element in the complex of emotions and passions and beliefs that makes and keeps men free.

Liberty may be variously defined. May I define it as the right to serve in and give to a good cause as a volunteer, and not to be driven? Liberty is working with your neighbor as a team. It is communion rather than solitary or patrician worship.

There was no such thing as private charity, in the sense we Americans use the term, in the Italy under Mussolini. Hitler found no "need for private charity," either. Neither is "private charity needed" behind the Iron Curtain.

Private charity is the priceless ingredient of our modern civilization. It flowers amid our luxuries and comforts, our mechanical triumphs, our fearful invasion of the atomic mystery. It is the spiritual triumph over the material, an instant and personal link with all the good that has been done through all the centuries. It is a sure sign that, amid the suffocating onrush of modern times, men still retain their individual personalities and still may continue to live, as their fathers and forefathers did—free men in a free society.

The growth of private charitable efforts in the last quarter century is the best testimony to the vitality of this stirring impulse. The spirit which sustains private charity serves more than the individual who gives and the community which benefits by the volunteer association of these individuals in doing good work. That spirit also invests the work carried on by the voluntary agencies with an extra grace and integrity which cannot be bought with tax dollars.

If every people in the world were as free as we are here in America, the longed-for millennium of peace would be at hand. People who have liberty have all that man can want.

We Americans can bring freedom to other peoples, and thus a lasting peace, only by being an example which those other peoples will ardently desire to be like. If we are decent, if we have human loving-kindness, if we are moved by high ideals in private and public dealings, if we do not pass by on the other side, if we volunteer to go the extra mile and to give our cloak also, then others will yearn to be like us. They will find the freedoms we enjoy and exemplify, lovely and wholly desirable.

That is why there is need for private charity—the same need yesterday, today and forever.

ROBERT CUTLER, PRESIDENT
OLD COLONY TRUST COMPANY, BOSTON



Photo, Courtesy of Paul O. Murphy,
City Editor, Leavenworth Times

AT LEAST SHE LIKES TO LOOK AT THE PICTURES

"Brenda," a pedigreed German shepherd dog, comes to the Leavenworth Free Public Library, in Leavenworth, Kansas, every week with her master, Sgt. William Herbert. Brenda can't read yet, but she does know how to take out books at the Library. Miss Ruth Radford, librarian, is shown checking out some literature for Brenda as the dog's master watches. At just past one year, Brenda is still a puppy, according to her owner, who hopes she'll one day be a champion show dog. Meanwhile, he's furnishing Brenda with eighteen dollars in food monthly, and plenty of reading matter.

The General Makes a Friend

THEIR China mission seized recently by Communists, Rev. and Mrs. E. H. Hamilton of the Southern Presbyterian Church made plans to sail for Japan, and this caused no end of worry for their 11-year-old son, John, who knew that the import of dogs to that island was forbidden.

Finally, in desperation, unknown to his parents, the lad wrote a personal letter

to General of the Army Douglas MacArthur, asking permission to take his pet Spitz with him to Japan.

The General's answer was in the form of a radio message to the American Consul at Shanghai:

"LET JOHN HAMILTON BRING HIS DOG."

—Billy Whitted

Here and There

"What is the real good?"
I asked in musing mood.

Order, said the law court;
Knowledge, said the school;
Truth, said the wise man;
Pleasure, said the fool;
Love, said the maiden;
Beauty, said the page;
Freedom, said the dreamer;
Home, said the sage;
Fame, said the soldier;
Equity, said the seer:—

Spake my heart full sadly;
'The answer is not here.'

Then within my bosom
Softly this I heard:
'Each heart holds the secret;
Kindness is the word.' "

—John Boyle O'Reilly

BIGOTRY and intolerance are always the inevitable marks of ignorance, while the first fruits of education are sympathy and understanding. It may make you indifferent to what you believe, but it will never make you indifferent to how you live.

—Joseph R. Sizoo

Letting the Cat Out

IN early days it occasionally happened that the farmer who took a pig to market took also, in another bag, a cat, and when the unsuspecting buyer had paid the price, he discovered on reaching home that his bag contained a cat. If, being suspicious, he investigated before taking his bag home, he "let the cat out of the bag." If he did not look into his bag, he made the discovery that he had "bought a pig in a poke." Hence the origin of these two sayings.

—Sunshine Magazine

WE have each to determine whether this world is an arena where we fight to get what we can for ourselves, or a field of honor where we give all we can for our fellow men.

—Sir Wilfred Grenfell

OUR DUMB ANIMALS



A herd of "Coronado's Cattle" graze peacefully on a western plain.

Early Spanish pioneers called our American Bison —

Coronado's Cattle

By Jack M. Swartout

IF the early Spanish pioneers in the New World had had their way about it, we might even today be able to see peaceful herds of buffalo grazing on our Western plains. For the first attempt at ranching in the Southwest was not with the Long-horn steer, but with an even more unmanageable critter, the wild bison.

When Coronado returned to Mexico City in 1540, from his fruitless search for the Seven Cities of Cibola in what is now Texas, New Mexico, Kansas, and Oklahoma, his glowing tales included one about how large numbers of "cattle" roamed the prairies to the north.

Alert Spaniards pricked up their ears. If the newly discovered country contained so much prime livestock, to be taken by anyone who took the trouble to go there, were there not fortunes to be made in domesticating these animals?

A few years later a governor was appointed for the territory. His name was Juan de Ornate, and he was one of the many whose cupidity had been aroused by the tales of the buffalo.

No sooner had he set up his colony at what is now San Juan, New Mexico, than

he commissioned one of his officers, Captain Vicente de Valdivia, to proceed with sixty men to the plains in search of the animals he heard so much about.

When the party reached the Pecos River, they encountered their first buffalo, a shaggy old bull. The soldiers were amused at the ungainly beast, and they conjured up pictures of themselves controlling vast *haciendas* stocked with these animals. So clumsy-looking a beast could doubtlessly be captured easily. No man would be content with less than 10,000 head. *Que oportunidad!*

Farther on, a few leagues east of the river, the party ran into buffalo in large numbers. Here, then, they decided, was the place to begin operations. The soldiers worked diligently in the hot sun for three days to construct a huge corral with wings. Then, they rode out on the prairie and began driving a herd of buffalo toward this trap.

For a while, everything went smoothly enough. The "cattle," suspecting no treachery, strolled docilely toward the corral. But, when they became faced with the cottonwood logs of the trap, their

attitude suddenly and drastically changed. They snorted, wheeled about, and stampeded their astonished pursuers. Confusion reigned.

For three more trying, dust-filled days the Spaniards tried every trick their ingenious minds could devise to trap the beasts. All their plans, like the first one, failed. At the end of the three-day period the buffaloes were still free. Not a single animal did the Spaniards have in their corral.

The frustrated would-be ranchers, who now had a healthy respect for the "clumsy" prairie cows, next decided that the best way to stock their ranches would be to rope some of the young calves and raise them to maturity.

But this project also failed. The buffalo calves, once roped, fought so stubbornly that the Spaniards could not even handle them.

It was then that the Spaniards decided that buffalo ranching was not for them, and so a new industry died in the making. The soldiers retreated toward their garrison, leaving "Coronado's Cattle" the undisputed masters of the plains.

General Lee's Horse

By James Aldredge

IF a Southerner were asked what horse he admired above all others in history, he would not hesitate long for an answer. Of course, there has been only one "Traveller," the noble steed that General Robert E. Lee rode through four long years of war.

Today, one of the cherished traditions of the Greenbrier Valley Fair in West Virginia is that it was there that this horse was first shown as a prize-winning yearling. On towering Big Sewell Mountain, not many miles away, is a bronze tablet, marking the site of a large sugar maple under which the animal was turned over to General Lee.

As a colt, Traveller was first called "Jeff Davis." He took first prize at the Lewisburg Fair in 1859 and again in 1860. But his name was changed when he passed into General Lee's possession.

The Confederate commander first saw the horse when he was a spirited four-year-old. He liked the animal at once and even spoke of him as "my colt." But he refused to accept him as a gift from the owners, Major Thomas L. Broun and Captain Joseph M. Broun.

After riding the horse for a month, General Lee had become so attached to him that he couldn't bear the thought of parting with the animal, so he paid two hundred dollars to the owners. Thereafter, Traveller and his beloved rider became a familiar sight to the soldiers of the South.

Through the long and bloody years of conflict, Traveller carried the great leader from one battlefield to another. After Appomattox, General Lee retired to Lexington, Virginia, as president of Washington College, but even there, the sight of horse and rider kindled enthusiasm whenever the General rode Traveller into town.

When General Lee died in 1870, the saddest sight in the funeral procession was Traveller, saddled and bridled, walking behind the coffin to the grave. It brought tears to many eyes.

The faithful horse lived on for several years. Then, one day, while grazing on the college campus, he stepped on a rusty nail. Tetanus developed, and in a short time the noble animal was dead. Perhaps the most moving incident during his last illness was when the college students, in their great love for Traveller, secured a feather bed and placed it under the horse, seeking to ease his last sufferings.

THIS is a little story about an animal that knows a great deal about traffic signals.

On a street corner, down in Bells, Tennessee, a mother hound dog stood with her two puppies. The traffic light was green and the cars were whizzing by. The dog, not being as foolish as some humans, didn't try to race it out with the cars, but stood there until the light changed to red. Then with her two offspring, one hanging to her tail, the other with a grip on her ear, walked proudly across the street to the safety of the other side.

—George Isaac, Jr.

Temple to Two Dogs

By Margaret Jordan

UNTIL a few years ago the highest civil official in the Native City of Shanghai, China, wearing his most formal robes, went once a year to a small shrine where he lit candles and incense before the pictures of two dogs.

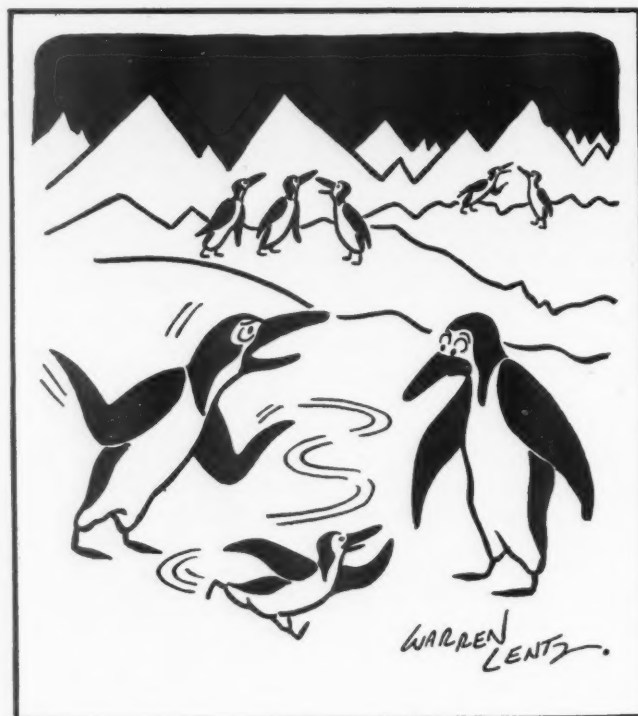
The custom began shortly after the end of the Taiping Uprising in 1853. When the rebels captured the walled city they immediately killed all the officials, including the Magistrate, a Mr. Yuan.

It was many days before any of the bodies could be buried but through all that time Mr. Yuan's two dogs stood constant guard beside their dead master. When, finally, the rebels allowed the burial, the faithful dogs lay upon the grave until they died from starvation.

When the government forces recaptured the city and the story of the dogs reached the Emperor he ordered two shrines built—one to the memory of Mr. Yuan and the other to his two dogs. He further decreed that every year on the seventh of September, the anniversary of the fall of the city, the present Magistrate should visit the shrine of his predecessor and that of the two faithful dogs.

After the Revolution in 1911, when the Emperor abdicated and a President was elected, the office of Magistrate was continued and his yearly visit to the shrine.

Many wars and the growth of the city have obliterated both shrines, but the story is still told in Shanghai.



"He wants to run off to Boston and join the Ice Capades!"

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Please Don't Talk In Front of "Tuffy"

By Edith Thompson Hall



"Tuffy Joe" begs to be taken along.

TUFFY JOE is an utterly spoiled dog.

"He is the biggest baby we ever saw," say our neighbors on the north.

"He can all but talk," says my nephew, astonishment on his young face.

"I knew our dog didn't do it; he isn't that smart," said the neighbor living south of us, when I had located her as the owner of a small pyrex dish full of dog food that Tuffy Joe had carried into our house in his mouth, and eaten fiercely under the dining room buffet.

Now, after all this, comes the climax of our life with the little black despot who takes his temperament from his pedigreed black cocker mother and his physical appearance from his Labrador father. In plain words, we have come to the point where we have to whisper or to spell parts of conversation in front of him. It just doesn't do to tell him too much.

"You will have to be careful after this," admonishes my husband sternly, "what you tell Tuffy Joe."

It all came about like this: We planned a day's journey not long ago. In my delight I decided to tell Tuffy the glad news that we were going on a trip to my old home town.

"Do you want to go on a trip, Tuffy? Would you like to go in the car tomorrow?" Tuffy's ears lifted, his head immediately was cocked on one side. Then, at the word "car" he was off for the door, barking furiously.

"No. I don't mean today. You shall go tomorrow," I said.

All day he dogged our footsteps. Anxiously he watched preparations from his position on the kitchen rug—his head on his paws but every line of body alert—especially his big brown cocker eyes.

The next morning we could not move without Tuffy Joe being underfoot. When the door opened, he dashed outside to the curb looking for the car, and looking back at us expectantly. When my husband finally got the car out of the garage, Tuffy ran around it in circles, yelping loudly.

"If he acts as bad as that, he can't go," announced my husband.

We tried to leave him, but the moans were heartbreaking, so we bundled him into the car; his din waking up the Sunday morning sleepers.

Dog's Acting Ability Pays Dividends .

By Susan L. Brown

WHILE standing at a street corner in Newburgh, N. Y., waiting for a bus, I witnessed a bit of acting that would do justice to a Barrymore.

It was about 3:30 P. M. and the public school across the street was being dismissed for the day. The children came down the steps in a hurry and went in different directions, homeward bound. About a dozen boys stopped in at a small corner candy and ice cream store.

And, at the same time school let out, down the street directly in front of me came the sorriest looking dog I had ever seen. He looked half-starved and hobbled along on three legs, his tail and ears dragging on the ground. His reddish hair was all

roughed up and dirty. He met up with the boys just as they came out of the store with their sweets.

"Poor doggie," they said in unison, and each and every one of those youngsters gave the bedraggled dog half of his after school snack. And the dog ate greedily of it all.

About five doors down the street a man came hurriedly out of a house. He glanced up and down the street, then gave two sharp whistles. Instantly, that dog dropped on all fours, shook himself—his hair smoothed out, he straightened up and with head erect and tail wagging he went bounding away.

As I boarded the bus I heard one of the little fellows say, "Gee, didn't that dog get well quick!"

Signal Tails

By George Brammer

The puppy's tail's a wig-a-wag,
That wiggles when he's glad.
But kitten's is a danger flag,
To wiggle when she's mad.

Buried Bone

By Cort W. Sayres

I had to turn my face away
When I dug up his bone today.

The sudden tears blinded my eyes—
There must be a dog paradise.

Feline Mechanics

By Ruby Zagoren

There is a motor in a cat
That turns on with a hum,
And purrs along until
The promised food has come.

Doggerel

By Charles Fallows Pietsch

The man who parades the pedigreed dog
To serve his silly pride,
Is never as happy as the barefoot kid
With a mongrel at his side.

Spring Tenants

By Virginia M. Evans

We have a little bungalow
Which we have rented out
To tenants who are just the kind
That landlords dream about.

We never hear them bickering;
They never ask for favors;
Contentment is their role in life:
They're loved by all the neighbors.

They pay a rent that would perplex
The rental board. But then,
Who'd set a ceiling on the song
Of John and Jenny Wren?

Animal Lines

Dog and the Flea

By Norma Vining

"Why do you bite?" said the dog to the flea,
"Oh, why don't you leave me alone?"
"But," said the flea, "don't you see that to me,
You're the same as to you is a bone?"

Cannie Orator

By Leslie Savage Clark

He had no need for formal speech
To tell us what he meant.
Few mortals could express as well
Their rapture or content,
As this small canine orator
With tail so eloquent.

Puppy Problems

By Margaret McAndrew

I'm weary of picking up slippers and bones,
Torn paper, a sock, or a blouse.
My task is not trying to housebreak the dog,
But rather to dogbreak the house.

First Aid

By Charles Fallows Pietsch

The purr of a cat, the chirp of a bird
The look of a friendly dog
Has often helped a man to emerge
The murk of a mental fog.

Puppy's Soliloquy

By Gail Brook Burket

When people scold, why must they say,
"You were so naughty yesterday!"
The past is done, and we regret it.
So, please be kind, and let's forget it!

Life would be happier by far
If folks would skip what faults there are
And traits we do not have, but should,
And concentrate on what is good.

Family Tree

By Gail Brook Burket

The neighbor's dog delights to boast
Of his unrivaled pedigree.
But you should see him run for home
The moment that he glimpses me!
He knows smart dogs are not impressed
By canine aristocracy.
A dog's a dog. What worth can be
Determined by a family tree?

Boy's-Eye View

By Selma Johnson Baker

Our kitty is tidy; he's not very old,
But he washes himself without being told.

His fur looks so silky and shiny and clean,
Like Mother's new sealskin—it has such a sheen.

Some day we'll discover a process, I hope,
For boys to get clean without water or soap.

Biddy Makes a Motion

By Clarence E. Flynn

I move that a committee
Be raised this very day,
To see what is becoming
Of all the eggs we lay.

I have a strong suspicion,
And never more than now,
That we hens are exploited
By management—and how.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Saint Briards Bid for Popularity

By **Rolland B. Moore**

PROBABLY the least known breed of dogs in the United States is the Saint Briard. This breed originated in France and there is documentary evidence that the breed dates back to the time of Charlemagne, 785 A.D. Originally they were called Chien Bergere de Brie (Shepherd Dogs of Brie).

They are a powerful dog which, at full growth, will weigh a hundred pounds and often more. In height they stand from twenty-three to twenty-seven inches. In color they are either all black, tawny or blue, all of solid color with no spots. Requirements of the pure bred are the presence of double dew claws on the hind feet, absence of these marks the dog as a crossbreed. The head is large and rather long, a little curved or rounded. Hair is heavy and long. Feet are broad and square. The neck of the Saint Briard is muscular and distinct from the shoulder. The chest is broad and deep. Tail is well feathered and carried low and straight with a crook in the end. Dog fanciers call it a crochet hook.

These are the main points of the Briard standard of points set by the Briard Club of America and they are essentially the same as the original standards of Les Amis du Briard in France forty years ago.

The Saint Briards are not a difficult dog to raise. Females have large litters, generally eight to ten puppies. A rather peculiar thing in breeding is that tawny and gray are racial colors, but a litter of puppies may well be varied even though both parents are black.

One may note how seldom Saint Briards bark and then only when necessary to give warning of intruders. Because of their unusual intelligence and ease of training, some of the breed have made



At the right is Gilles De La Gaillarde and his mate, Cecelia De La Gaillarde, owned by the Misses Hazel and Gladys Turley, Britton, Oklahoma.

excellent companion dogs in obedience training. Most large dogs, that is, those of unusual size, are lethargic, but this is not true of the Saint Briards as they are very playful and they love to choose their own playthings. Miss Hazel Turley who is a co-owner with her sister, of the dogs in the picture, said their dogs would rather snatch green pears and apples from the boughs of their orchard trees to use for playthings than to have any of the man-made toys which are available today.

During World War I, the French used the Saint Briards to carry ammunition because of their magnificent strength. They were also much used in searching for the wounded. They seemed to have in that work an uncanny instinct to discern those wounded who were fatally injured and would pass them by for a

wounded man they seemed to know would recover. A French war correspondent said that it had been his observation that no wounded man passed up by a Saint Briard and later picked up and taken to a hospital ever recovered.

So many of the Saint Briards met death in action, the French government did all in its power to prevent export of the breed and it is just now that the breed is coming in to the United States. There are but two breeders in this country who are advertising. One of them is in Georgia and the other in California. One of these was offered and refused \$1,500 for a tawny Saint Briard male. Prices are so high they are beyond the reach of most of us and we shall probably not be able to buy Saint Briards at a reasonable price for a number of years.

Public Generosity
 Several thousand residents of Mar-
 Vineyard and Nantucket have
 ved by now the first appeal to
 ade for the humane treatment of
 d on by the Martha's Vineyard
 h of the Massachusetts Society for
 which has taken the lead in the
 the Animal Welfare League
 f. In addition to providing a
 y trained veterinarian for the
 r months, who will become
 round asset of the Vineyard
 response is sufficient, the
 has also created

second prize of \$15 to Louis A.
 Puggard, Detroit, Mich., showing
 a cat with its paw in a dog's
 mouth, called "Say Ah!", and
 third prize of \$10 to "Small Fry",
 statistics for the months of June
 through August show that
 exactly 300 animals were
 handled, including an injured
 bird. Of the 116 dogs, 43
 placed in homes, and five
 do were sheltered until placed
 their owners. The cost of
 receiving these animals was
 were seven cats placed in homes.
 out of the 183 handled during
 this three-month period, and
 again, contributions by those
 people receiving

Dr. Eric H. Hansen, President
 of the Massachusetts Society for
 the Prevention of Cruelty to Ani-
 mals, Boston, yesterday issued a
 warning to animal-own-
 ers not to allow
 the family to see their ch-
 dren. "Too well," stated
 the Society head, "how attached
 these animals are to their little
 masters and mistresses and it is
 but natural for a dog, and in some
 cases a cat, to be so attached to
 to present them.

Albert A. Pollard, direc-
 tor of the M.S.P.C.A. Memori-
 al Hospital, presented a
 motion picture of the
 work of the Society
 under the
 community
 Mrs. George
 the day was
 Mrs. Frederick A. Beach, M-
 Dwight Bisbee, Mrs. Malcolm
 bee, Mrs. Albert Bradbury,
 George E. Breeze, Mrs. Bright



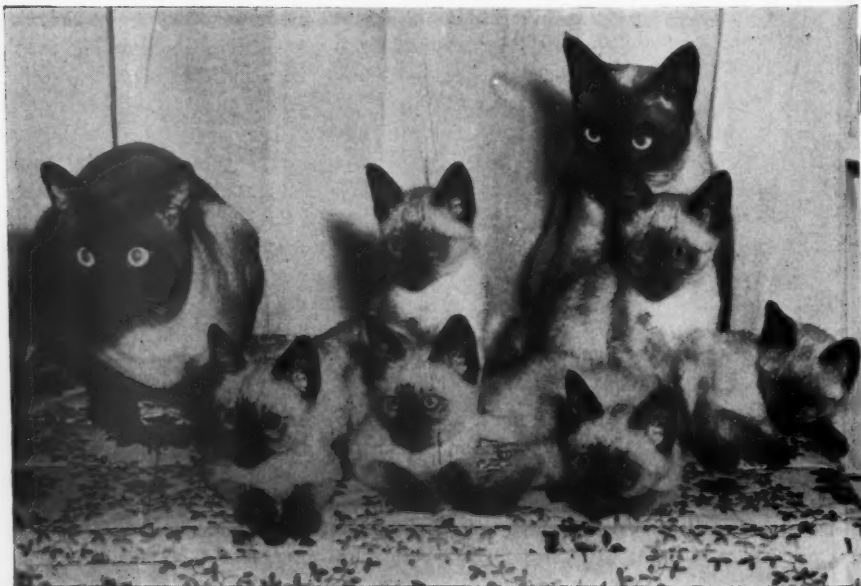
Photo by Anthony Cabral, Boston Traveler

A BEAUTIFUL FRIENDSHIP

You never can tell what will happen when you're asleep! At least, that's the opinion of "Peggy," the good-natured part collie and part setter owned by Anthony Cabral, of Somerville, Massachusetts. It seems that Peggy woke up the other afternoon from a nap to find her pal, "Tabby," using her shoulder as a nesting place. Then the pair obligingly posed while their master took a picture.

STUDY IN CURIOSITY

Their blue eyes focused in unblinking curiosity on the photographer, these pedigreed Siamese cats posed for a family portrait recently in the home of their owners, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Walters, Rome, New York. "Simmy III" and "Sahra" preside over their nine-week-old brood of six kittens, an unusually large litter for the Siamese feline species.



Photo, Rome (N. Y.) Sentinel

...with that these unfortunate creatures left behind to forage for themselves, will ultimately starve or become diseased as a result of such unkind and inconsiderate treatment. ...

...It is true that children do not intentionally hurt animals. It also seems that the average dog or kitten different from adult ...

...The Christmas pet-giving advice comes from Dr. Eric H. Hansen, president of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of ...

...attention," stated Dr. Hansen. "According to the head of the department of pathology of our Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, this ...

...the Horses' Christmas, according to an announcement made by Dr. Eric H. Hansen, president. Even with the marked increase in the number of automobiles today, there are still ...

...has arranged to have trucks, loaded with oats, carrots, and apples, move around the city Friday, Dec. 24, where horses are to be found in greatest number. Coffee and ...



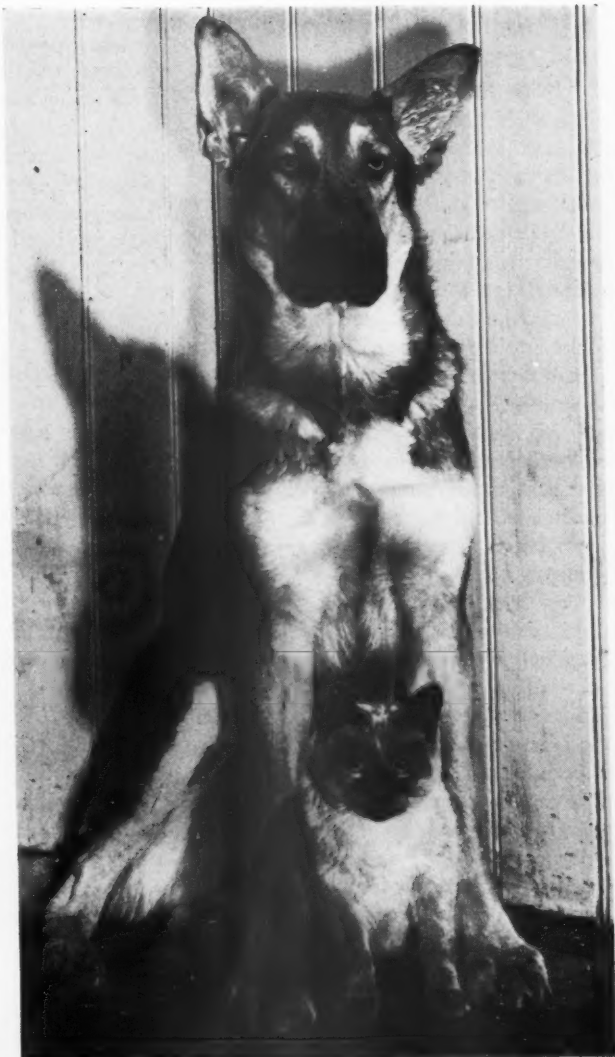
Chicago Herald-American from International News Photos

LADDER-SCALING FELINE

"Tommy," the vagrant cat, pet of Miss Dorothy Baum of Lombard, Illinois, created a terrific howl each time he returned from prowling at three or four in the morning, his method of gaining entrance to the Baum domain. This made the neighbors very unhappy until one day one of them noticed Tommy shinny up a ladder. So, with the help of Mr. Baum, this cat ladder was constructed. Tommy caught on immediately and now gets in simply by crawling up the ladder to an open second-story window. Dogs, who frequently chase Tommy, meet with defeat when he flees up the ladder to safety.

GENTLEMANLY GENTLENESS

"Himself," an Alsatian guard dog, trained to attack and hold intruders, is shown with "Bluey," a Siamese cat, at the school for dogs at California, Berks, in England. In addition to being carefully schooled to catch dangerous criminals, the dogs at the school are trained in gentleness, as evidenced by the fact that Himself can make friends with this kitten.



International News Photos



Heavy Weight Contender

THE above picture shows "Angel," reclining in all her glory in her own little bed. Angel, a three-colored Persian and pet of Mrs. Ottie S. Stetson, Boston, has her particular place in the feline Hall of Fame. At the age of five and a half years, she weighs twenty-five pounds—every pound a comfort and delight to her devoted mistress.

Dog Stealers Jailed

RECENTLY convicted of dog stealing were John Bielecki, Plainville farmer, and his aide, Franklin Bettencourt, of Taunton. Accused of using schoolboys to aid them in stealing animals, which were later sold to medical school laboratories for animal experimentation, these two men were arraigned in court and subsequently sentenced.

Bielecki received a nine-month sentence for conspiracy to steal dogs and was placed on probation for five years for receiving stolen property.

"This appears to me to be an organized racket," Judge Felix Forte said in sentencing him. "By giving you nine months in the House of Correction and five years' probation I think you are getting a comparatively light disposition of this case."

"But I want to warn you," Judge Forte continued sternly, "that you have a five-year State Prison sentence hanging over your head if you continue these activities in any way after you are released from the House of Correction."

Bettencourt was given two concurrent three-month sentences for larceny of dogs and placed on probation for two years.

Prosecution of the men began after two Taunton women traced two dogs to Bielecki's farm and then to Boston laboratories.

"Bob" and "Bing"

BOB AND "BING" were two little dogs who lived in a house that was situated a short distance from the highway. One of the self-appointed tasks of the dogs was to announce the approach, or even the passing, of anyone who came that way, by rushing down the drive and barking frantically.

One day someone left a basket on the back porch, and the dogs discovered that it made a fine place to nap in the sun; but it was only big enough for one dog. Naturally, it was first come, first served.

After an unsuccessful attempt one warm summer day to dig up a mole that had been burrowing in the garden, it occurred to Bing that he was very tired and a nap in the basket would be most refreshing. He immediately left his digging and raced away to the house. But, on arriving, he found Bob already curled up in the basket and, to all appearances, sound asleep.

Bing sat down to think over the situation. Suddenly he had a bright idea. He began barking loudly and rushed around the house to the drive. Bob instantly leaped out of the basket and followed. As soon as he ran ahead, Bing turned and, passing in front of the house, appropriated the coveted basket. In a moment Bob discovered that he was alone and that there really was nothing to bark about. He turned and trotted back, only to find that he had been the victim of a trick.

—A. E. Phillips

"Cricket" Remembers

CRICKET," the little rat terrier, spent many happy hours last winter lying on the soft rug near the gas heater. The very first cool day this winter a funny thing happened. Cricket's master was reading in the living room. The little dog got cold. She remembered the heater and went over to it, but it was cold. She had seen her master light it many times, so she went to him and tried to tell him to light the heater immediately.

She barked and barked, and when he didn't notice her, she took hold of his trouser's leg and pulled. Then she trotted over to the heater and waited.

With a smile her master went over, struck a match and lighted the gas—and the little dog lay down on the rug quite contented.

—Fred Cornelius

American Citizen

WHO ever heard of a cat being rated an American citizen? Well, there is such a cat and his name is "George." He came from New York City.

Last fall Isaac Patch, Jr., of Gloucester, Massachusetts, sailed with his family for Prague, Czechoslovakia, and George went with them. He was the children's pet. Mr. Patch was assigned to the American Diplomatic Service.

In November, when Mr. Patch was given just twenty-four hours in which to leave Czechoslovakia, he left the country with his wife and three small children in their American Jeep. And who went with them? None other than George, on his rights as an American citizen.

George and the Patch family are now in Frankfurt awaiting a new assignment where American citizen George will have new fields to conquer, for are there not mice everywhere? George hopes so.

Cat Rescues Baby Birds

LAST spring I returned to my home in Salisbury, North Carolina. "Taj Mahal," my black cat, four years old, accompanied me. Now, Taj was practically born and raised in a New York hotel room. He had never seen a bird in his life.

The first morning we were home, about break of day, I was awakened by my cat jumping up on the bed and depositing something right smack on my chest. I pulled on the light and was amazed to see a new-born sparrow, very much alive, and completely unharmed by Taj's jaws.

With much mewling and meowing, Taj plainly insisted that I follow him out into the rose garden. There in the tall grass, neatly bundled side by side, he had placed nine baby birds. Apparently they had tumbled out of the nearby apple trees.

After breakfast, I found a ladder and placed the birds one by one back into their nests.

Every morning for two weeks during our stay, Taj carried on his rescuing operations. Then, with tail erect, he marched beside me and supervised my placing the birds back in their nests—to the complete amazement of the neighbors.

—Mary Julian Glover

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

"Mr. Blue" and the Mole

By Ina Loez Morris

THE first I knew of our neighborhood's being the victim of underground activity came when Mrs. Browne, our neighbor to the south, called me to see what was happening to her petunia bed. To all appearances, her flowers were doing a crazy sort of dance, with the earth around them rising and falling as though agitated by a minor earthquake.

"Looks as though you have company," I said, peering over the fence. "What is it?"

Mrs. Browne thought it might be a gopher or maybe a snake.

"Oh, no," I said, eager to impart knowledge gained while living on the grove, "it's not a gopher."

"If it isn't a gopher, then what is it?" my neighbor demanded.

The next morning, my neighbor to the north summoned me to diagnose her yard trouble. Beginning at her rear fence and extending to and through her flower beds was a circuitous mound two inches high and about four inches wide. The ridge was split, and the roots of plants exposed to the air were dry and wilted.

"It's only some small rodent," I said wisely. "It was over at Mrs. Browne's yesterday. Rather destructive, but nothing to be alarmed about."

"*Nothing to be alarmed about!*" She fairly shouted the words and gave me a look that was anything but friendly. "Have you seen my stocks and snapdragons?"

Mrs. North is a woman of action, and it wasn't long before she had conscripted a couple of old gentlemen into service. They said the varmint was a mole and they came with shovels, prepared to dig it out if it took all summer.

The mole apparently found competition in Mrs. North's yard too much for him, for the next day he transferred operations to the enclosure to the east of us. There, among the calendula and pansies he showed what he really could do when he set his mind to it.

"There's something mighty strange about all this," Mrs. North said, when we'd all gathered to survey the damage. "You, Mrs. Morris, are the only one in the immediate neighborhood who has

been spared. Look at your yard — not a blade of grass out of place."

"Well," I said, wondering what she was getting at, "maybe the mole can smell the dogs and so has stayed away . . ."

"Humph!" snorted Mrs. North. "Mrs. Browne has 'Missy' and I have 'Timkins' and 'Fluffy,' the cats. *Our* animals didn't keep the mole away . . ."

"Oh, for pity sakes!" I bridled. "You don't think I have a pet mole that I turn out at nights, do you?"

"N-o-o," Mrs. North said, "but in the forty-eight years we've lived here, this is the first time we've been bothered with moles or anything else that burrows. So, naturally, I can't help wondering if your 'Mr. Blue' hasn't something to do with it."

I said, "For pity sakes!" a second time and threw up my hands. "How could he?" I demanded. "After all . . ."

"Well, you know he's always bringing things home," she interrupted. "It's quite possible he picked up a mole somewhere . . ."

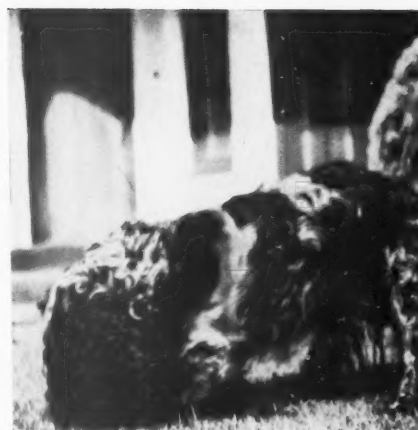
"A more far-fetched theory I've never heard," I scoffed, suddenly not sure of my ground. Remembering the variety of creatures he'd brought home to raise, even a mole was possible.

I don't know which of the injured persons called a crew from the Pest Control Bureau, but late that afternoon they came with a truckload of equipment, sufficient to exterminate all the rodents in the block.

There is a five-foot hedge which separates our property from that in the rear and being of a curious turn, Mr. Blue, Buddy Bearskin and I found positions where we could watch and listen.

First, there was a lengthy discussion among the three men as to the best method of procedure. Apparently, each had been graduated from a different school of thought, for one suggested gas, another poison and the third, traps.

About this time, I noticed that Mr. Blue had lost interest in what was going on in the adjoining yard, and was concentrating on the earth under the hedge. His nose was to the ground and he was cocking his head first to one side, then to the other, listening. Presently, he began



Mr. Blue looking for moles.

to dig. He was following a moving mound of earth and for one brief instant I was tempted to call attention to the mole's whereabouts. Then I thought, "Three men against one little mole!" It didn't seem fair, so I just stood there and waited.

In a matter of seconds, Mr. Blue had caught up with and captured the little creature. Held by the back of the neck, it looked very small and helpless as it writhed and twisted and made tiny sounds of fright.

I glanced over the hedge and saw that the men were so engrossed in their argument that they were unaware of the mole's capture, so snapping my fingers for the dogs to follow, I led the way to the house.

Inside, I found a shoe box, put the mole into it and clamped down the lid.

Up to that point, I had acted on impulse, but now that I had the mole I didn't know what to do with it. Mr. Blue was standing guard over the box and Buddy was walking round and round, growling and showing his teeth and waiting his chance to up-end the box and make short work of the pest.

Finally, I decided to take the mole to the hills and turn it loose where it could do no damage and be out of harm's way. I was backing out of the garage when I heard feminine voices raised in altercation.

"But you can't use traps," I heard Mrs. North say sharply. "Suppose Timkins or Fluffy got caught!"

"Or poison," Mrs. Browne put in. "You know how Missy is — she'll eat anything in sight."

I didn't wait to hear Mrs. Swenson's complaint, but drove off with the cause of the trouble on the seat beside me.



Officer Charles Marsh, of Springfield, presents certificates to three who saved dog. (Left to right) Officer Marsh, Harry McColgan, Tony Soltys and George Healy, all of Haydenville, with "Queeney," who was rescued. The two boys, coming home from church, saw the dog struggling in the icy waters of Mill River. After breaking through the thin ice she was unable to make shore. The boys ran and summoned George Healy. The three then formed a human chain, and so were able to reach Queeney and pull her to safety. They were warmly commended for their humane action and presented with the certificates.

Veterinary Meetings

DR. C. Lawrence Blakely, head of the Department of Surgery at the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, was the feature speaker at the annual winter meeting of The Veterinary Medical Association of New Jersey, held in Trenton, in February.

Dr. Blakely spoke on "Anesthesia and Its Hazards." He has talked to several other groups on this same subject, since he feels it is extremely important to prevent emergencies from arising by carefully selecting the proper anesthetic drugs. In his talk he outlined the way in which these drugs should be administered, as well as the best way of coping with certain accidents or unfavorable developments which might occur during the course of general anesthesia.

A second talk dealt with the subject "A Group of Operations, Useful but Seldom Performed." In this talk he described a number of different surgical procedures which are performed only occasionally, but which are quite valuable when need for them arises.

Dog and Cat Cases

A REPORT was received by the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. that a man had seen an injured stray cat around. Our agent called and found a cat with a broken back under a pile of lumber. The cat was put to sleep to avoid further suffering.

Our agent brought a man into court for cruelly and wilfully shooting a cat. As this was a second offense, he was convicted and fined \$50.00. The man appealed, but at the Supreme Court trial he pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to three months in jail, suspended for two years.

For cruelly beating a dog a man was taken into court, convicted and fined \$15.00, which he paid.

A complaint was received in regard to a dog with an injured leg, and our agent found a police dog which had been struck by an automobile, leaving a front leg partially paralyzed. The paw was raw and bleeding so the animal was removed to our Hospital.

Society and

Teacher's Comment

A TEACHER writes, "I have heard many good comments on *Our Dumb Animals* and it was suggested by our college teacher that it would be one of the finest magazines a teacher could have for her pupils. Learning to be kind to animals helps children to be kind to humans. I intend to use this magazine in my school and I am sure it will help to build the strong character that every child should possess."

Best of Care

A ten-month-old Holstein bull was recently brought to the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital suffering with a broken leg. The animal is a son of a noted prize winner, "Montciv Rag Apple Nobleman," owned by W. H. Lemaire of Taunton. The animal is being given the best of care by the doctors at the Hospital, and Nurse Broderick, who can always make friends with any animal.



Dorothy Broderick, nurse at Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, comforts a ten-month Holstein bull with broken leg.

Service News

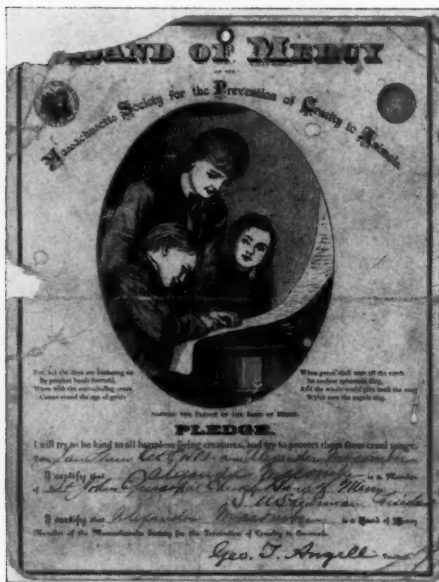
To Our Friends

WE wish to render our hearty thanks to all those friends who so generously responded to our appeal for blankets and cotton cloth for use in our Angell Memorial Animal Hospital. This material will add considerably to the comfort of the animals in the Hospital.

Interesting Document

MR. Alexander Macomber, of Holliston, called at the office of *Our Dumb Animals* a few weeks ago to renew his subscription, and brought with him a very interesting document. This was a Band of Mercy certificate presented to him by the first President and founder of our Society, George T. Angell, on October 8, 1883, and cherished by Mr. Macomber all these years.

The accompanying print states that Alexander Macomber was a member of the Band of Mercy of St. John's Episcopal Church, Jamaica Plain.



Band of Mercy Certificate received by Alexander Macomber, October 8, 1883



The American Overseas Airlines recently called on the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals for help, when a plane containing a number of dogs was grounded at the Airport in Boston, due to stormy weather. Dr. David L. Coffin, (right) Pathologist at our Angell Memorial Hospital, examined the animals, while William N. Freeman, Jr., ambulance driver for our Society, saw that they were fed and watered. Here they are shown with two of the dogs, who seem to appreciate the attention being given them. When the weather cleared, the plane proceeded on to its destination.

Horses Neglected

ON receipt of a complaint in regard to poor-looking horses at a riding stable, our agent called and found two of the horses in fairly good condition, but another was blind in one eye and had a discharge from the nose. The horse was going round and round in circles, paying no attention to the other horses. The owner was advised to call a veterinarian to examine the animals. On returning later, the sick horse seemed to be better, but the owner was not at home. The case will be followed up.

A man started a riding school without proper equipment. It was found that he had eight horses and ponies, some hay and grain on hand, but shelter for only two horses. He was warned to arrange for proper shelter right away, and promised to do so.

One stable visited was found to be very dirty and the horses' hooves were in very bad condition. The agent warned the owner that better conditions must prevail or the Society would take action. The stable will be watched.

Poultry Abandoned

IN response to a complaint, one of our agents called at a poultry farm and found 54,000 broilers without food or water and only a very small supply of coal on hand to keep the fires going in the brooder houses. It was found that the man who formerly owned the poultry farm had gone bankrupt and his creditors had taken over and put in a manager.

The Treasurer of the Corporation and the new manager called to see the agent and said they were planning to abandon the birds. The agent advised them that under the law they could not do that, and that he would give them a few hours to have feed, water, heat and sufficient help on the premises, otherwise all creditors would be brought into court. Later in the day, on visiting the plant, it was found that \$500.00 worth of feed and coal had been brought in and sufficient help provided.

BE KIND TO ANIMALS WEEK

May 7 - 13, 1950

CHILDREN'S PAGE

By Boys and Girls

NOW we want you to write for us. If you are fifteen years old or under and have written or want to write a poem or story about animals, you are eligible to compete for a place on this page. Each piece must be very short, and, of course, your very own composition. Each contribution must be accompanied by a note from your teacher stating that the writing is original with you. Also, if you have a picture of yourself and your pet, send that, too. Of course we cannot promise to print everything received but the judges will pick out the ones they think the best.

All letters should be addressed to Boys and Girls Editor, **OUR DUMB ANIMALS**, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass. We cannot return or acknowledge unused contributions, but we shall do our best to print the best stories, poems and pictures received.

Following are a few samples of stories and verse written by children. Can you do better than these boys and girls? Try it.



Hazel M. Leavitt in Boston Sunday Post
Snapshot Contest

The new plaything is fun for two.

A Good Alarm Clock

By Dorothy H. Nelson (Age 13)

MY cat's name is "Puff" and he is gray and white. He is only six months old. Every morning at exactly seven o'clock he comes in my bed and laps my face to wake me up for school. After I am awake he lies on my chest and purrs in my ear until I get up. With him around I don't need an alarm clock.

"Laddie," My Puppy

By Carol Howard (Age 13)

I FOUND this loveable little puppy one snowy cold day as I was sliding. He looked as though he had been abused. He had been outside for at least two days, all caked with snow and shivering with cold.

I brought him home and nursed him through his colds and shivering spells. Now he is a loveable little dog, well-fed and full of mischief. Already he has eaten a catnip mouse and chewed my slippers to shreds, but I still love Laddie, my puppy.

"Freckels"

By Mary Sinnott (Age 12)

FRECKELS" is a coach dog. He lives on a farm. We call him Freckels because of his black spots. When small children go near the horses, he walks alongside them so that if one of the horses kicks he will get kicked instead of the child. So far no horse has kicked, but we're glad to have him around just in case.

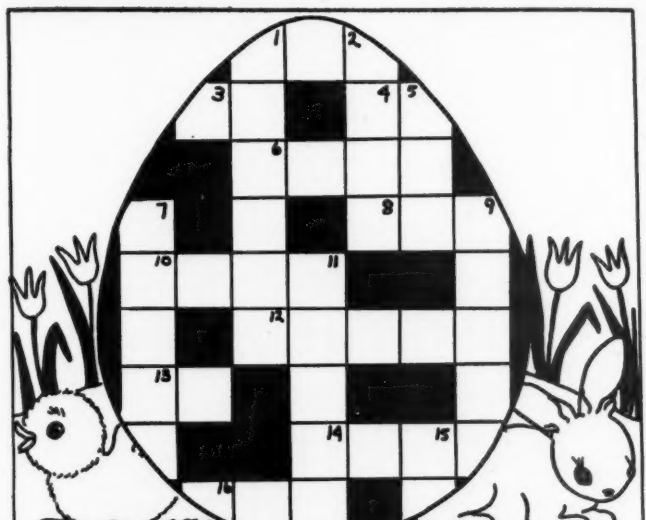
"Meme" Loved to Play

By Joyce Natale (Age 10)



I HAD a goat, and did I have a lot of fun with her. She was all white and her name was "Meme." We kept her in a little shed that had two windows in it. When I would call her, she would jump up in the window and cry. I often let her out in the yard. She would play with my dog and they would chase one another around. She just loved to stand on a barrel and dance for me, and jump way up in the air. I'm sending a picture of Meme and me.





CHILDREN'S PAGE



ACROSS

1.  3. SOUND OF LAUGHTER.
 4. WITHIN.
 6. FREE FROM DANGER.
 8. BEVERAGE.
 10. TO REGARD WITH CARE.
 12. 
 13. COMPANY - ABBV.
 14. WATER IN DROPS
 DISCHARGED FROM CLOUDS.
 16. PURCHASE.

DOWN

1. RESURRECTION OF
 JESUS CHRIST.
 2. DONATION.
 5. BY BIRTH.
 7. 
 9. 
 11. A PLACE WHERE MILK
 IS KEPT.
 15. WHETHER.

The Young Polar Bear

BUFFY" was a young polar bear. His fur was soft and creamy yellow. He had a long neck, a little head, and his paws were broad like paddles. Buffy lived with his mother in a nursery under the snow. It was warm and cozy there, but there were times when Buffy didn't like his home very well. He didn't like it at all when Mother Bear left him alone and went to get food. The nursery was lonesome when Mother was away.

"Why can't I go along with you?" Buffy asked one day.

"Wait until spring," Mother Bear said, "you may go then. I'm afraid you couldn't keep up with me now."

Mother Bear was gone longer than usual. Buffy grew very lonely. He crawled out from under the snowbank and looked around. The world was white and beautiful. Buffy decided to play just a little. He romped over the frozen ice. He didn't tumble or fall. The hair on the bottom of his feet gave him a non-slip tread. He climbed to the top of an ice peak and looked at the sea.

Suddenly the ice cake began to move. It floated slowly out to sea. Buffy was frightened. He wanted to go home but he couldn't jump back to shore. What would become of him now? He huddled on the ice and tried to think of something to do. He heard a splash in the water and looked up. Something big and white was following the ice cake. It was Mother Polar Bear.

"I was sure I saw something moving on the ice," she said, swimming near. "It was lucky I did. Come on, Buffy, let's go home."

"I can't get down," said Buffy.

"Jump down," said his mother. "I'll teach you how to swim."

Buffy jumped. He stretched his paws, held his head up, and paddled, just like his mother did. Swimming wasn't a bit hard. "The oil in your fur keeps the cold out," said Mother Bear. I might as well teach you how to dive and catch fish. Then you can find your own dinner."

—By Ollie J. Robertson.

Garden Animals

By Alice Boorman Williamson

The Tiger Lily growled at her,
 The Catnip cried "Meow!"
 And Ellen laughed and laughed because
 The Dogwood said "Bow-wow!"

A Dandelion shook his mane,
 The Toadflax hopped around.
 The Bullrush made a horrid noise
 And pawed up all the ground.

The Cowslip sadly moaned "Moo, moo!"
 Then what do you suppose?
 A pert Snapdragon raised his head
 And snapped her on the nose!



"The House that Jack Built"

By Richard D. Roe

IN 1837, when he was twenty-three years old, Jacob Heatherington rented a coal-bank near Bellaire, Ohio, and bought eight acres of land on credit. He had never had a formal education, but since the age of seven he had been familiar with hard work.

As the years passed, this simple beginning grew into possession of over eight hundred acres of land, thirty dwellings, shares in a glass-works, a number of steamboats and a \$35,000 house.

For all this wealth, Jake Heatherington gave the credit to "Jack," the partner he acquired in the early days when the growth of business could not be handled with a wheelbarrow.

Jack was a mule, standing only three and a half feet high, who worked faithfully beside his master. So great was the affection that grew between the man and his mule that Jake rebelled when anyone else attempted to drive Jack.

In 1870, when Jake built his imposing residence, he dedicated it to Jack. Over

the doorway was a noble arch, the keystone of which was the projecting head of a mule. Jack, at the time, was twenty-eight years old and retired from active service — living a life of ease.

Then came the eventful day; the mansion was finished. Before assembled neighbors, Jake led Jack up the steps, beneath the archway, and into the house. Through all the rooms they went, the man talking to the mule in the most loving and grateful way. Jack fully understood, as any animal understands a kind master.

Jack lived his life of ease until he was forty years and ten days old. His coat had turned to pure white. As it always does, the day of death came. When the last illness came, no amount of tender care could do any good. Sadly, Jacob Heatherington buried his faithful partner beneath an apple tree near the house. Until his own death he retold, many times, the mule's virtues. His home was always "the house that Jack built."

Miner Extraordinary

By Katherine Fields

THE mole is king of the subterranean world. Of all Nature's miners, this barrel-shaped creature, with the elongated muzzle and velvety coat is miner extraordinary, displaying an engineering skill unexcelled by human subway builders. Without rule or measure, the mole can move in an unerring straight line or it can smooth out walls, sink water wells or build winding galleries. And it packs the earth in its runways so well that the wettest weather cannot send rain-soaked roofs crashing into its excavations.

This six-inch bundle of energy, which waddles so clumsily over the surface of the ground, is a wonder in its natural environment. Underground, it almost "swims" through the earth. Propelled by powerful shovel-like hands, with a sickle-shaped bone extending from the thumb, and long, narrow hind feet, the mole sends dirt flying sideways and backward.

Nothing hinders its advance. Its tiny,

rudimentary eyes are protected from injury, tucked beneath the thick dark fur, which stands up like the nap on a rug, nor are there any outer parts to the ears to catch and snag. The mole is as streamlined as a bullet, and its soft coat enables it to slip along easily.

After the mole has dug awhile, it sends up a shaft through which it tosses the loose soil upward and out, aided by powerful chest and neck muscles. This accumulation of dirt forms the unsightly molehills found on lawns.

Not only is the mole fierce and combative, but from its habits one realizes that there is nothing delicate about this small animal.

Because of the mole's enormous capacity for earthworms, its hunting grounds cover an extremely wide territory. In a single day the mole can devour its own weight in food, and is ready for a new meal every three or four hours.

PHOTO CONTEST

In a search for "story-telling pictures," we are announcing our annual photographic contest to end June 15, 1950.

Cash prizes amounting to \$95 and ten additional prizes of subscriptions to **OUR DUMB ANIMALS** are offered for clear, outstanding photographs of wild or domestic animals and birds.

All contestants should strive for pictures that *tell a story* without further need of description — pictures, for instance, of wild life feeding or building homes, or of domestic animals in surroundings showing care and thoughtfulness for their comfort.

The contest is open to all, either professional or amateur, but entries will be accepted only from those who have taken the photographs.

PRIZES

First Prize \$25.00

Second Prize 15.00

Third Prize 5.00

Ten \$3.00 prizes

Ten \$2.00 prizes

Write to Contest Editor, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass., for further details.



During rainy weather, the mole may sometimes be seen cutting an open groove across the lawn, but when it is dry and the worms bury themselves, it has to tunnel deeper. In its constant construction of runways, the mole has proved one of Nature's most useful agents in aerating the soil.

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Any bequests especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital in Boston, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital in Springfield should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital," as the Hospitals are not incorporated but are the property of that Society and are conducted by it.

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